THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.
S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS.

Terms. Two Dollars Per Annum, Cash.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXI. | PHILADELPHIA, MAY 8, 1841. | WHOLE NO. 1032.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Spanish Maid.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

"Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host."
BYRON.

Yes she has fallen! yet bring not here
The sable robe, nor bid me shed—
While yet the proud foe o'er his bier
Their songs of triumph weave—the tear,
Memorial of the valiant dead;
My lover's sword[illegible] chieftan's shield;—
Again that sabre's edge shall glow
And revel wildly 'mid the sighs
Of hearts whose warmest life-drops flow
A vengeance-offered sacrifice.

A mournful shade the willow's bough
Flings round my voiceless, unstrung lute,
Whose tones of love have ceased to flow—
Whose gladsome chords are hushed and mute—
For he who loved its songs so well,
And blended oft his voice with mine,
No more shall hear its gentle swell,
O'ershadowed by the clustering vine.
My raven tresses now I fling
Dishevell'd to the breeze of morn,
And [illegible] waves the vulture's wing
O'er [illegible] dead, and banners torn.
Wh[illegible] faint the star of Spain
[illegible] ensanguined plain;
[illegible], whose spear and blade
[illegible] an evil hour,
[illegible] forth the spanish maid
Fr[illegible], and trellised bower,
And [illegible] her bright black eye
A flame that cannot, will not die.

Yes! many a bower, whose clusters shine
In glowing hues around, above,
Deserted, tenantless as mine,
No more shall echo songs of l[o]ve.
Then haste! my lover's arms prepare,
For I will gird them on, and rush
When terror casts its last red glare,
And fallen warriors life-springs gush
To swell the purple tide of war;—
And woe when my insatiate brand,
By the dread breath of vengeance fanned,
Exultingly shall wave afar.

Philadelphia, April, 1841.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Desert-Lost.

A Story of the Crusades.

"Still the s[illegible]rning sun!—no cloud in heaven!
The hot air quivers, and the sultry mist
Floats o'er the desert, with a show
Of distant waters, mocking their distress!"
THALABA.

"Water! water! for the love of God give me but one drop of water."

The speaker was a female, attired in the dress usually worn by the waiting women to maidens of rank. She was kneeling upon the sandy desert, and her blood-shot eyes, livid lips, and languor of countenance too well betokened the fearful nature of her sufferings. She was perishing of thirst. It was the second day she had been exposed on that desert, without tasting a drop of water.

It was high noon. The day had been unusually sultry, even at an earlier hour, but now the hot air, waving and trembling before the vision, was almost stifling. The sky was without a cloud. Not a breath stirred the fine blinding sand of the desert. Pouring vertically downwards on that burning plain, the fiery rays of the sun were reflected back from a thousand points upon the lost travellers, until their very veins seemed on fire, they gasped for breath, and the awful language of Scripture was almost realized, "the heavens above shall be as brass, and the earth beneath as iron."

"My child," said a venerable monk, gazing somewhat reproachfully on the face of the speaker, "why these repinings! Water we have none. But we are in the hands of God,—and he who led the children of Israel through these deserts, with a cloud by night and a pillar of fire by day, will not desert us in this extremity. Cheer up, my friends," he said, addressing the little group of exhausted warriors, who were apparently intended as an escort, but who were now, strong as they had once been—powerless as children, "cheer up. And you, my daughter," he continued, turning to a lovely girl, whose rich dress betokened her rank, and whose head had been buried on the old man's shoulder, "forget not, that in this peril, the God of your fathers will desert you not."

"I do not forget it, father," murmured a voice, whose tones were softer than a seraph's harp, "but I trust in him through all."

"It is well, my daughter," said the venerable monk. "I bear witness that not a word of complaining has crossed your lips. Yet oh! my daughter," and a look of anguish, which even he could not suppress, but which the sufferings of the maiden and not of himself occasioned, shot over his countenance as he gazed on Blanche, "this will be a fearful blow to your parent, and to one other too, if God wills it that we should never leave this fiery furnace."

"Father! father!" murmured the maiden, and for the first time her voice was broken by sobs, "oh! why did you remind me of them! Holy mother," she continued, raising her streaming eyes to heaven, "give me strength to endure this trial," and, unable longer to control her pent up agony, she flung herself into the monk's arms, and wept freely.

The old confessor was deeply moved. But he knew that words would only still farther agitate the maiden. Bitterly did he reproach himself for having, though innocently, reminded her of the ties that still bound her to earth, ties which he now felt she had been endeavoring to bring into subjection to the will of a higher power. Oh! what words can describe his anguish, as he gazed on that lovely girl on his bosom, and thought that soon she might be dying in all the agony of thirst, while those who loved her as woman is rarely loved, would be far away, living for years, and perhaps forever in ignorance of her fate. As he thus thought he lifted up his eyes, and gazed around him. The members of that little company were stretched helplessly on the burning floor of the desert, their horses lying outside the circle with eyes starting from their sockets, and tongues lolling far out, betokening that they too were writhing in the agonies of thirst.

Many of the men-at-arms had cast aside their hauberks as if their weight had grown intolerable; while the lances and other weapons lay strewn in disorder around. Now and then one of their number would languidly lift himself up, and gaze around the limitless horizon, and as he sat down again after his ineffectual scrutiny, his looks of hopeless anguish surpassed description. But most of the group appeared incapable of all effort, gazing listlessly with dull and blood shot eyes on the burning sands before them. The waiting woman of Blanche, rebuked by the words of the monk, and by the fortitude of her mistress, lay now without motion, but moaning continually. Outside the little circle not an object met the eye. One vast uniform monotony reigned over the desolate prospect. Not a living thing, nor a tree, nor a shrub, nor a hillock itself, as far as the eye could reach, broke the outline of the sky on the horizon. The old monk felt that their was no hope. Once more he gazed fruitlessly around that burning desert, then looked at his suffering fellow creatures before him, then turned with an expression of unutterable anguish on his face to Blanche, and then as he pressed her closer to his bosom, he lifted his eyes to heaven, while his lips moved as if in prayer.

Blanche Delamare was the only daughter of one of the proudest nobles of Provence. Her ancestors for centuries had been amongst the wealthiest seigneurs of that sunny clime, and in a country where more refinement was to be found than in all Europe beside, they had been distinguished for their courtly grace and polished intellect. But they had been renowned not less in war than in lady's bower or kingly cabinet. The bravest of the brave, with a host of retainers few of the nobility could equal, the counts of Delaware had ever been foremost in enterprises of danger or glory, and often had the Saracens of the west, and the infidels of the east quailed before the name of these iron-clad warriors.

Though her house had boasted of the loveliest females of all Provence, Blanche was admitted to be the brightest daughter of her race. How surpassingly beautiful was her dark lustrous eye, and her massy tresses, and her snowy forehead, and her finely chiselled mouth and bust, and above all her exquisitely delicate hand and foot, betokening at once her high birth, and the faultless symmetry of her form! Her voice was music itself, and her smile was beyond all imagination. When she moved it was with the grace and dignity of a princess, and many a gay gallant paused in admiration to gaze as she passed him on the terrace of her father's castle. Long before she had attained her eighteenth year her hand had been sought by more than one aspirant renowned for birth, and for deeds in arms; but hitherto all had been unsuccessful, and, unless a rumor that the young lord of Sevigne was not wholly indifferent to Blanche was to be credited, her love was yet unpledged. The surmises of her lovers, however, respecting their rival, De Sevigne, appeared to have some foundation when the father, who as well as her suitor, had taken the cross, resolved that Blanche should accompany the crusade, as was often the habit at that day. Blanche heard the resolution with undisguised joy, and embarked with the fleet at the same time with her lover. They were in different ships, but in calm days the visits of the young knight to her were so frequent, that the rumor of their betrothal began rapidly to gain credit, until at length it was confidently asserted that their union was only postponed to the period of their arrival in the east, when it would be performed with extraordinary pomp.

When within a few day's sail of their port, however, a violent storm arose which scattered the fleet. The hurricane subsided at length, but the ship in which Blanche and her father had sailed was separated from its companions, and withal so shattered that the crew were compelled to make for the nearest port, which proved to be Alexandria. Here accordingly the count found himself with but a scanty portion of his train, and fearful of being detained by force if he loitered in Egypt, he determined to set forth immediately, heedless of the peril, to traverse the desert betwixt the Nile and Jaffa. The toilsome march had occupied full fifteen days before his little band, under the guidance of two Egyptians, had reached the well known well, surrounded by its belt of palm trees, which made the last station in the desert where travellers were accustomed to stop, and which was said indeed to be only a few hours travel from Jaffa. Here, however, the impatience of the count to reach his absent friends, and remove their apprehensions respecting his fate, overcome his wish to remain constantly by his daughter, and believing that he might safely leave her, he detached a half a score of men-at-arms from his scanty train to serve as her guard, and continued his journey by starlight across the desert. Blanche and her waiting-woman were to remain encamped at the well during the night, and although she petitioned to accompany her parent, alleging she could easily do without repose, yet her father, unwilling to tax her delicate frame, would not consent to her wish, but departed alone, entrusting her to the charge of the old monk, who had been her confessor from childhood, and was to her a second father. One of the Egyptians was left behind as a guide: the other attended the count. Little did that father think, as he turned back to gaze through the twilight of the starry night on the little grove of palms within which his daughter reposed, just seen faint and small on the distant horizon, that soon, she whom he loved and cherished not only for herself but as the pledge of his departed bride would be lost and wandering upon the desert.

Early on the ensuing morning the little company left behind had commenced their journey. Their stock of water was exhausted, but of this they thought nothing, as in a few hours they would be out of the desert. They had not travelled far, however, before they saw their guide appeared bewildered, and questioning him they learned to their dismay that he was wholly ignorant of the route, and had imposed himself on them under the superior knowledge of his companion. He had indeed been unaware himself of his complete ignorance, until he came to search for the marks that betrayed the route. A light wind, however, during the night had effaced every vestige of the footsteps of those who had preceded them, and before noon the guide had to confess that they were irretrievably lost. He would have fallen a sacrifice to the enraged retainers had not the monk interposed his authority.

All that day, and a greater portion of the night had they wandered up and down in the desert, parched with thirst, and vainly essaying to guide their course by the sun and stars. Alas! these usual signs seemed only to mock the travellers. Every step they advanced appeared to carry them further into the more arid portion of the desert, until at length even the stoutest of heart began to lose all hope, and had it not been for the exhortations of the venerable monk, and the calm fortitude evinced by their mistress, they would have given over every effort, and sat down to meet death with stony despair.

Morning at length dawned, but it brought them no relief. The sun rose fiery on the horizon—not a cloud obscured the sky—no breath of wind fanned the desert; and their thirst became momentarily more and more intolerable. Still they pressed on. But at length they could do so no more. One by one their beasts gave out, and now they had no hope except in some passing stranger. The agony of the sufferers meanwhile was intolerable. Yet oh! even then, the sight of that lovely and innocent girl, leaning on the shoulder of that grey haired man of God, and both striving to sustain the drooping spirits of their companions, was a spectacle at which angels might have gazed admiringly.

"Father," said the maiden at length, suddenly pointing out across the desert, "is not that a palm tree yonder—see, just over that lance head—why have we not beheld it before!" and her voice grew more joyous as she spoke, "Surely there must be a well nigh to it."

In an instant her companions started to their feet, and life seemed suddenly infused into the most languid, as they saw distinctly, on the distant horizon, the outline of a grove of palm trees. How fresh and green they looked when contrasted with the arid soil!

"God and the saints be praised," shouted one of the retainers in a husky voice, "we shall not die. Water—water—let us hasten to it."

"I vow a gold candlestick to our Lady of Loretto," said another, "for this. The Holy mother be praised."

"Amen!" said the old monk. "But be not carried away too much by hope,—for I have heard, my children," he continued, "of a strange delusion that travellers are liable to in these deserts, in which refreshing lakes and pleasant groves appear to the eyes of the sufferers,—although after all, they are but visions in the air, and vanish as soon as they are followed up."

"This cannot be a delusion"—said one of the men, "see how plainly the palms are defined against the sky. Let us hurry to the spot. We are yet stong enough to reach it, although our beasts may not be able to bear us thither. Every moment we hesitate, is a moment lost."

The eagerness of the speaker was shared by his hearers. Hope once more be[at] high in every breast. Even the old monk caught the enthusiasm of the speaker, and Blanche, leaning on the good father's arm, and lifting her eyes thankfully to heaven, hastened to set forward.

"We gain on it," said the retainer, "see, we can almost behold the leaves rustle—and there is a sheet of water—to Saint Peter be the praise."

"Alas! my son," said the monk, in tones of the deepest grief, "the vision is already vanished. It is but a delusion of the evil one."

"No, holy father, it is there again," said Blanche eagerly,—"see you not the palms."

"I see them," answered the monk, "and now they are again fading. Look how they melt away into the air—they are gone."

For some minutes after the old man ceased, not a word was spoken,—but each one of the group gazed with straining eyes on the quarter of the horizon where the *mirage* had been seen, unwilling to believe that their senses had deceived them, and hoping even against hope that the palm trees would re-appear. But minute after minute passed away, and nothing met the eye save the sandy desert, and the waving of the sultry air. Despair once more seized on the sufferers,—the more bitterly felt from their momentary gleam of hope. A phrenzy took possession of the disappointed warriors. They who had so lately urged on their toilsome way across the burning soil now threw themselves grovelling on the soil, cursing their existence, and crying wildly for water. In vain the old monk once more essayed to raise their drooping hopes,—in vain Blanche added her entreaties to those of the good father,—rank, beauty, even the authority of religion was disregarded, and the wretched sufferers as they writhed on the ground, seemed deaf to all human entreaty. Blanche turned shuddering away. The old monk sadly shook his head, and lifting his eyes on high, prayed for his erring companions.

"Water! water," groaned one of the group, "give me water, or I die."

"Oh! for a drop of water," shrieked the waiting woman of Blanche, tearing her hair wildly from her head, "Lady can you not save me! I am dying of thirst."

But her mistress could afford her no aid, for Blanche felt that her own hour was at hand, and that soon, death would step in to close her agony. She had sustained herself all along by efforts of which she had thought herself incapable, but nature, strained to its last extreme, could go no further, and Blanche now felt herself rapidly losing all consciousness. She made a last attempt to rally her sinking faculties, and partially succeeded; but in a few moments her mind began again to wander,—uncalled for tears gathered scalding in her eyes, she felt a tightness amounting to suffocation in the throat,—the earth, the sky, and the group around swam before her vision, and then followed a long and dreary blank.

The first intimation she had of returning consciousness was a low confused murmur in the ears, gradually increasing to a prolonged outcry. She faintly opened her eyes and looked up. The monk and three or four of the retainers who yet possessed sufficient animation to stand erect, were shouting at the top of their voices, and waving a scarf to and fro at the point of a lance. An instant's survey disclosed the cause of their excitement, for far down the desert could be seen a troop of mounted travellers, whose attention the shouters were endeavoring to attract. The sight recalled Blanche to life at once. She felt a new vigor in her veins, and when the distant horsemen turned and galloped towards them, and there was no longer any doubt but what the sufferers had been seen, a flood of tears relieved the maiden's overcharged mind.

"They see us, cheer up my daughter, they see us—the Lord God of Sabaoth be praised," ejaculated the old monk, and for the first time the big tears stole down his venerable cheeks.

On came the galloping horsemen. First a lance head glittered in the sun, then a knight's pennon was seen waving aloft, directly another and another streamer met the eye, and soon to the inexpressible joy of the last group the banner of the house of Delamare was beheld floating on the air; while as the approaching horsemen drew nearer and nearer, the shouts with which ever and anon they rent the sky were caught feebly up by the rescued sufferers, and answered back as loudly as their wasted strength would permit. In a few minutes the new comers had reached the little group, and springing from their horses they rushed into the arms of those they had rescued, while even stern veterans, overcome by their emotion at thus meeting those they had given up for lost, wept like children, mingling their tears with those of their suffering companions.

As the troop of horsemen approached, two knights dashed out from the midst outstripping all the rest in their eagerness. It needed but a glance for Blanche to detect who they were. One was her father. He leaped from his steed, and the next moment his daughter was in his arms.

"God bless you, my child," was all he could utter, as he clasped her convulsively to his bosom.

"Father, dear father," murmured Blanche, brokenly, agitated so as almost to be deprived of the power of speech.

The other knight had stood a moment apart, but he now approached. Blanche lifted her eyes, and gave him her hand in silence. He pressed it to his bosom.

"Dear, dear Blanche," he ejaculated, "thank God we were not too late." The speaker was De Sevigne.

Two days after, Blanche sat by her lover in her father's gorgeous pavilion, and while her hand lay passively in that of De Sevigne, and her parent sat smiling on the other side of her, she listened to a detailed account of their rescue. It took long for the young knight to relate it—for are not lover's narratives always protracted!—and we will not, therefore, tire our readers by giving it word for word. Suffice it to say, that Blanche's father had duly arrived at Jaffa, where he found most of his forces, and the young lord De Sevigne. By noon they expected Blanche, and set forth to meet her. She came not. They imagined that something had delayed her, but felt little fear until towards nightfall, when, having still no tidings of her, they entered the desert, lead by the guide, to search for her. They continued their march until they reached the well whence the Count had set forth the evening before, when still finding no trace of her they became doubly alarmed. From that hour, until the discovery of Blanche and her companions, the search had been kept up unremittingly.

"And now, dearest," said her lover, "that this great peril is over, and we are in Syria, may I not have your consent, as I already have your father's, to the speedy fulfilment of our betrothal! Speak, sweet one. The Count has named this day fortnight—will my own Blanche say me 'nay!'"

The blushing girl did not answer audibly, but hiding her head on the shoulder of her lover, she murmured something brokenly. What it was we never heard, but on that day fortnight Blanche became the bride of the young knight. And the old monk blessed her nuptials; and her father gave her away with a proud and happy heart, for never, even in her brightest maidenly beauty, did she look more lovely than on the evening of her bridal.

May 3rd, 1841. D.

Foreign Magazines.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Song.

The day was declining,
The dark night drew near,
And the old Lord grew sadder,
And paler with fear.
Come, listen, my daughter,
Come nearer—oh! near,
It's the wind or the water
That sighs in my ear.

Not the wind nor the water
Now stirr'd the night air,
But a warning far sadder—
The banshee was there.
Now rising, now swelling,
On the night wind it bore
One cadence, still telling,
I want thee, Rossmore!

And then fast came his breath,
And more fix'd grew his eye,
And the shadow of death
Told his hour was nigh.
Ere the dawn of that morning
The struggle was o'er,
For when thrice came the warning—
A corpse was Rossmore!

From the London Metropolitan Magazine for April.

The April Fool.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

The morning of the first of April, Anno Domini no matter when, shone out with all the smiling sunniness of youthful coquetry. Very beautiful is the first bright smile of coming spring: in fact, we believe that the first of every thing is always the best welcomed; it has the charm of novelty; is the loveliest, the dearest. The first flash of a beautiful face, the first gush of song, the first breath of perfume, the first tint of the flower, the first hour of the morning, the first of a friendship, and oh yes! very certainly the first of a fit of love! the first thought, the first feeling, the first emotion, the first perception, brings us only the brightness, and lagging after comes that gloomy thing the shadow.

The sunshine of that April morning on that certain Anno Domini shone brightly into a very little room, very scantily furnished, belonging to a very little cottage, being one of a very little row, hanging like a little bit of fringe on the skirts of our great metropolis; and in this room was a very scanty supply of those things which civilization has agreed to call the necessaries of life; for instance, half the number of chairs to the double number of people who were to sit upon them; only one table, and unfortunately what the table held in the shape of breakfastable viands bore but a faint relative proportion to the mouths they were to fill; in fact it was the very idea of a breakfast rather than breakfast itself, being as unlike as possible to hams and eggs, and patties, and chickens, and dried salmon, and marmalades, as could possibly be, and boasting only—no, we will not tell of what, the details of poverty can never be palatable—boasting of very little indeed.

Now it very frequently happens that the rich and the poor seem to be playing at cross purposes; the rich sit down to plenteous boards, and cannot endure even the aroma, whilst the poor have appetites altogether so provokingly good, and nothing of the wherewithal; and thus it was that the little group of children that surrounded that scanty breakfast table eyed the rough bread loaf with very loving looks and swallowed portions of it as though it had been ambrosia; and whether or not the gods would have considered the thick dry slices fit for Olympus, those children would have been infinitely sorry to have divided them with Jove himself.

Now whether or not *mon pere* was satisfied with the fare that hunger had so richly flavored for his children, our history telleth not. Something, however, like April clouds of sorrow and discontent darkened over his brow, and something like April showers gathered in his eye as he pushed away the untasted morsel, and, probably to hide a face that was indexing a disquieted soul, rose and walked to the little lattice of that narrow chamber.

He had not stood many moments before a little hand, on one of the fingers of which was bound the bandage of wedded love, was pressed upon his shoulder, and, without seeing them he was conscious that a pair of rich swimming eyes were soliciting a meeting with his own; but being perfectly aware that tears, refractory, unmanly, bitter tears were gathering in his own orbs of vision, he turned them away from their bright wooers, and would not even look on his lady love.

"You are sad, dearest," said the kindest voice in the world; "how dare you be sorrowful whilst I am with you! whilst you are surrounded by these dear faces!"

"Oh Helen," replied the father and the husband, "it is because you are with me that I am sad! For myself, I think I could have borne all the privations of toil and poverty; but to see you wanting the very necessaries of life——"

"Now will I preach to you," said the wife with a smile; "to you who preach to others; to you, Reverend Benjamin Blythe. Now tell me what is there that I want, saving and excepting to see you smile! Believe me, I dread to see a dismal face more than—I was going to say—the plague; but you know it is a sort of plague-spot, for it never shows its dark stain but it spreads. I should not be surprised, if you keep this dismal face, but that I shall catch it myself at last, and then what will you do?"

"What indeed!" said the husband with a bitter sigh.

"Nay, my bird, that is not a musical note! You know that you are in your cage, and you must sing!"

"You are my good angel!" said the husband.

"Nay, nay, I will not be flattered out of my sermonizing," said the wife; "you shall have it. So, shall I borrow your surplice, and give a regular firstly, secondly, and thirdly, in true orthodox style, or will you have it extemporaneously and non-official?"

"As you are not in regular orders," said the husband, getting up a miserable smile, "not regularly ordained, ordained only to be my blessing, I think we may do without the surplice and the book."

"Well, be it so; my morning gown shall be a bishop's vestments, and my cap his mitre. And now tell me, if in the balance your blessings or your sorrows have the heaviest weight?"

"My blessings! my blessings!" said the husband with tearful emotion; "you and my children. Could I have greater?"

"I should think not," said the wife, "Such children!" and she glanced her eye toward them with a face full of the most amiable vanity in the world, the vanity of a mother. "And such a wife!" she added, with an arch sweet smile turned upon her husband; "such a wife!"

"Yes, such children, and such a wife!" repeated the husband; "and to see them wanting the necessaries of life! I preached to others, it is in vain that I repeat the lesson to myself."

"'Thy bread shall be certain, and thy water shall be sure,'" repeated the wife.

"Ay, literally bread and water!" said the husband, with some bitterness.

"As much as we need, and more than we deserve," resumed the wife. "Attend my sermon, sir."

"Ay, dearest. These are bitter sermons; my own preachings to others brought home to myself. It is in vain that I repeat, if these privations fell only on myself, that I could cheerfully submit; but this morning—nay, do not deny it, dearest—I saw you push back the untasted morsel; and I am weak and impotent to help; I am shut out from the common labourer's daily hire, and I see you, daily, wanting even bread!"

"Not absolutely," replied the wife. "And now tell me, would you choose to see our cherubs mixing with disease in the midst of luxury, or thus well and healthy, with hearty appetites for this same homely bread?"

"Even as it is," replied the husband; "even as it is, with thankfulness."

"Then smile again," said the wife, "lest a worse thing come upon thee. What! do you dare to look sorrowful in the midst of happy faces! O believe me that smiling lips are better than rubies, and joyous eyes more lustrous than diamonds! and can you, can you look sad, with the blessed sun thus shining full upon you this glorious morning! O fie, fie upon you! Let the sunshine reach your heart! See how the water is sparkling and leaping with joy; and the trees in their new holiday green, and the birds chirrupping from the house-tops! every thing full of hope, yet you are sad. Take the sunshine as a happy omen. I prophecy from it that the clouds are passing away, and that prosperity shall come to us loaded like a castled elephant with lacks of rupees and sacks of gold-dust."

"Look at your type, dearest," said the husband, with a mournful smile.

Black clouds were gathering over the scene, and one of our April showers began to patter down.

"Be it my type," replied the wife; "be it my type! Unbeliever, look!"

Even while she spoke, the sun, gathering up a thousand rays of beaming light, painted with them that glorious bow in the heavens which hath ever been a covenant of promise.

The husband took the little hand of his wife within his own. "You are the better preacher," he said, "and what is more, the better practiser. You know that for these last three months I have gone daily forth to seek your daily bread, have offered myself as a literary laborer, as a hireling scribe, as anything and everything that might not utterly disgrace my sacred functions, and you know that as often as I have gone with hope, I have returned with disappointment. Nevertheless, at thy word, I will go forth once more."

"If there were a fate," said Helen, "you know that Queen Elizabeth thought that 'perseverance might force Fate to change her mind,' but there is something better than a fate—there is a Providence."

The Reverend Benjamin Blythe once more donned his rusty black coat, and once more brushed his beaverless hat, and once more drew on his well-mended gloves, and once more sallied forth in search of the laborer's hire.

My dear reader, if you happen ever to have had a wife and half a dozen children, who happen to have good appetites, while you happen to have a purse quite unpolluted with filthy lucre in your possession capable of being transmuted either into bread or gold, you may be just able to guess at the very comfortable tone of mind upon which our poor hero sallied forth upon this forlorn hope expedition. What a mockery to the poor man is the luxury of the rich! The rolling equipage, the extravagant attire, the pampered menials, the luxurious dwellings, the shops all arranged to tempt self indulgence, glittering trinkets, costly liqueurs, and a thousand shapes of fanciful confections made to entice the eye as well as appetite—all these are so many snares to envy for the hungry!

Sorely tried that April morning was the Rev. Benjamin Blythe. It seemed to him as if every body to whom he applied, every body to whom he spoke, had got one malady, an ossification of the heart; a malady that affects the voice, the gestures, the mien, of every creature under the infection. The Reverend Benjamin Blythe pitied every body he saw, but most of all he pitied himself.

In fact the Reverend Benjamin Blythe began to think that some curious fatality of disease prevailed over every creature with whom he spoke; some were afflicted with blindness, some with deafness, some with dumbness, some with loss of memory, for even his former friends did not see him when he went up to them, did not hear him when he spoke to them, did not answer when they heard him, did not remember when they saw him; and so with the unheaped measure of fifty several and separate disappointments in his heart, with a mind worn out by anxiety, and a body sinking with fatigue and want of sustenance our poor hero turned his steps homeward.

Ah, *home*—word that should thrill the heart! and it did thrill the heart of our unfortunate hero, when he thought of turning his steps thitherward, and carrying the great burden of his disappointment, that load seemed more than he could carry there; so he made a dead stop in the middle of the street, and despair at that moment seemed to have bound up his faculties.

Just at this juncture the large folding doors of a lofty gloomy looking mansion opened, and a young man who seemed to move like a harlequin, came flying down a flight of about a dozen steps, which hasty mode of perambulation brought him quicker than thought into juxtaposition with the Reverend Benjamin Blythe. Now it seemed that the first impulse of locomotion would have impelled the harlequinade to have leaped over him in the abundance of his bodily agility, but just as this feat seemed to be on the point of accomplishment, the actor stopped short, and with a slight dancing step drew up, exclaiming, "Ah, is that you! What in the name of fun, are you looking so miserable about!"

The reverend gentleman tried to smile. "I might as well ask you why you are looking so gay. I hope that you have as solid cause for contentment as I have for gloom."

"Gloom! how I hate the word! Why, you solemn sensible people never do anything but look miserable. Miserable in the morning from expectancy; miserable at night from remembrance. Miserable one day, because it is too hot; miserable another, because it is too cold. Miserable when you are well, for fear you should be ill; and miserable when you are ill, for fear you should never be well."

"There are," said Blythe, "many real causes of sorrow in this world."

"And many good causes of mirth. Why, I could laugh only at the sunshine because it seems smiling at me, and a smile from anything that can smile, always sets me laughing. I laugh to see people look like so many Lord Glums and Lady Lackadaisicals. Why, if I only look at you, I must laugh; for you have pulled out your face into such an enormous length, such an elongation of forehead and nose and chin, that—ha! ha! ha!—you are a perfect caricature of yourself."

"I hope you may never have the same cause for a long face."

"If I have, I shall look at myself in my glass, and laugh at myself as I now do at you. How many Cruik[illegible] there are in the world, if they did but know their own genius! Such twisting and jerking, and winking and stretching and lengthening,—all such capital caricatures."

"Different people see things in different points of view."

"A most profound observation that. Why, yes, you are as solid as—lead. My dear fellow, do tell me, were you ever guilty of the sin of laughing?"

"Not very lately," replied poor Blythe, with a sorrowful smile.

"Were you never so lucky as to be made a fool of, and obliged to laugh at yourself?"

"I am afraid I should not have found the jest.—Nobody sees the wit of which they are the sport."

"Don't they! I'll experiment on that some day soon. A good thought; but I suppose I am detaining you?"

"No," said the poor reverend with a sigh, "my time is not of much value."

"In a fit of humility, ha! But I thought you were in haste to see Lord Wycherly?"

The reverend shook his head.

"Then you have seen him?"

"No."

"Written to him again?"

"Not again; I did so a few months back; but that is all over. I heard that he was about to appoint a secretary; it was a forlorn hope, but I asked his lordship for the post. I did it only because I would leave nothing undone, not that I had any hope—therefore had I no right to be disappointed."

"Then you have not heard from his lordship this morning?"

"No."

"My dear fellow, I congratulate you. I have but now left his lordship, and he assured me that he had just despatched your appointment. My dear fellow, I wish you joy with all my heart."

The Reverend Benjamin Blythe clasped his hands together in such an emotion of joyful thankfulness as to make Mr. Winkler start. The blood rushed from his heart to his face in a crimson tide, leaving the treasure-house of hopes and feelings a vacant tenement, and then rushed back again to make the citadel of life rock, and reel, and throb with its overpowering fulness. None but those who have lived long upon hope deferred, lived upon medicine rather than food, can tell what our hero experienced. Bright visions of happiness trooped before his eyes; his children rosy with health and joyousness, his wife smiling with contentment, his household hearth the centre of comfort, his board plenteously spread, something for his brethren the poor, the means of education for his little ones, the thousand things that he knew they wanted, and then for himself—O, he was to be unspeakably happy in beholding their happiness!

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Winkler, "you look like any thing but a philosopher. If you had only been on the stage, that attitude and those eyes would have made your fortune—quite stamped you as a first-rate tragedian; but now that it is over, pray go in at once, and thank Lord Wycherly for your new preferment. What a fortunate thing that I should have happened to have met with you."

"Had I not better go home and consult his lordship's letter! and then I could tell my wife—and the children."

"By no means. It would delay you too long, and make you seem indifferent to your good fortune. It will be quite time enough when you have seen his lordship. I think it an exceedingly lucky thing that I met with you—he would have thought you so tardy. Pray go at once. Ha! ha! ha! I can't for my life help laughing to see you look so amazed. Now go. I left his lordship quite disengaged. Wonderful that I should happen to jump with you exactly at the door. But hark you, Blythe, you must not mention who told you of your appointment; his lordship might think it officiousness in me."

"Certainly," said Blythe, "certainly not."

"And will you just be so good," continued Mr. Winkle, as he hastily took from his pocket book one of those envelopes that fashion has made almost universal in our own most polished days, and wrote what seemed to be a memorandum within. "Just be so good as to give my lord that little memorandum; it contains some information essential to him to know. You must say nothing about it; it will explain itself. He will perfectly undersand it.—And don't mention my name at all Blythe: I know he would think me a very officious fellow. Ha! ha! ha! I wish you joy! What a lucky fellow you are! Ha! ha! ha! Good-bye; good-bye."

The Reverend Benjamin Blythe walked up that lofty flight of steps without perfectly knowing whether he accomplished the ascent on his head or his heels. His brain was in a perfect bewilderment; his limbs trembled, his knees shook, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Had some sudden misfortune befallen him, he could not have felt more prostrate in mind. And it was thus, because he had been in training for sorrow. Grief upon grief had dogged his very footsteps, as step by step he had advanced in the dark road of adversity, and its glooms had gathered more and more heavily; but his eyes were now well used to the murky pathway, and when, instead of denser darkness, the beams of prosperity shone on his path, he was well nigh blinded by the unaccustomed light.

But pass we before our hero up those formal steps, through that stately hall, along those spacious corridors, over a long suite of rooms, into the very presence of the peer. Here all was stern, stiff, severe propriety; the chairs looked as if they were never designed to be sat upon, the floors never meant to be trod upon, the servants as if they were never to be spoken to, everything as if, could it have uttered words, it would have said, "Sacrilege to touch me!" The solemn quiet of a lofty dignity pervaded the whole mansion. No hurry, no bustle, no flying here and hurrying there. Silence seemed to echo itself, and answer "silence."

And the lord of the mansion, the peer of the realm, the accredited representative of some certain share of the wisdom of the nation; where was he! what was he doing! what was he like!—why, he was in his library, he was writing, and he was like everybody else, like nothing but himself.

"Yes," said Lord Wycherly, telling himself the news, "I have made up my mind, I have decided, I will make Mr. Winkler my secretary. It will do very well for a young man without encumbrances, and by-and-bye I may push him up hill a little.—Yes, I will write to him directly; I know that he loves a jest, but I do not at the bottom of my heart see the sin of a jest; that is, of course, on proper occasions. People say that I am a severe man, am I!" Lord Wycherly looked at himself in the large glass which faced his library table, and asked his own stern, severe counterpart the question with an imposing, threatening air. "Severe, am I? Need I wonder if the world calumniates me with severity, that it should calumniate Mr. Winkler with levity?"

Lord Wycherly dipped the pen in the ink, but, like all other steeled articles, it would rather break than bend. Not a single mark would it make, though it was a real patent, to furthering the nomination of Mr. Winkler to the important office of the peer's secretary. He dipped again, but the obstinacy of the animal was invincible. It might be a bad omen. Lord Wycherly, however, was above omens, so he took a quill that had once belonged to a sensible goose, and in which wisdom might therefore be hereditary.

Lord Wycherly again frowned upon himself in the glass, and not upon himself only, but on a servant who had been bowing to his lordship's back three minutes and a half without venturing to make himself further audible or visible, but who now, tendering a card, presumed to utter the word "Waits," in the very ghost of sounds.

"Show him up," said my lord, and the Reverend Benjamin Blythe was shown up.

The Reverend Benjamin Blythe never afterward could tell how he had got up those stone steps, or across that lofty hall, or along those corridors, whether he walked in the antipodean fashion, or only managed the journey in the ordinary way. But there he did stand in the presence of the peer, at all events.

Something like a perception of a dark frowning brow bent upon him, and of glances taking the measure of his poverty-stricken garb, did flicker across the confined whirl of the poor gentleman's brains, but his eyes were too full of tears to see distinctly. In a husky voice, almost inarticulate with emotion, he tried to speak, but the words came not trippingly. "Your lordship's goodness—my gratitude—untiring exertion—devoting all my abilities."

My dear reader, if you were ever in an O'Connellised state, that is, in an agitation, and the person to whom you were uttering the words which you could neither organise nor control, listened to you like a snow figure or an embodied east wind, and waited till you had done, would not you think him very polite?

Thus polite was Lord Wycherly. Our poor hero had broken down, and had listened to silence for a full minute and a half before his lordship replied, and then the cold words, like the utterance of a statue, if statues ever speak, came cuttingly to the ear of the Reverend Benjamin Blythe.

"I am at a loss to understand you, sir. Have the goodness to explain."

"My name is Blythe, my lord." Poor Blythe thought *that* would explain everything.

His lordship bowed.

"Three months ago I took the liberty of soliciting to be appointed your lordship's secretary."

His lordship bowed again.

"Which your lordship has been pleased to honor me with."

"*Have I*, sir?"

"And I am come, my lord, to offer you a gratitude beyond all expression. If your lordship could know—could feel"—and here again poor Blythe broke down.

Lord Wycherly gathered up his majesty and said, "I am at a loss, sir, whether mistake or something less excusable has procured me the honor of this interview. Suffer me to assure you that I do not in the least understand you."

The Reverend Benjamin Blythe staggered at these words; they had all the force of a blow; he gasped for breath. The peer read all the marks of dissimulation in his discomfiture.

Suddenly our hero remembered Mr. Winkler's note—the thought revived him. He presented it. "That, my lord will explain all."

The peer took it, opened it, read it. His coldness was gone in a moment; the storm burst, the tempest raged, the red blood rushed into his face, fireworks scattered themselves from his eyes, thunder boomed from his tongue.

"Take back your miserable jest—your contemptible lampoonery!" and suiting the action to the word, Lord Wycherly threw the open paper in his face, and waving him away, said, "There is the door, sir!—there is the door, sir!"

Our hero, perfectly sickening with amazement and apprehension, caught the paper in his grasp, and read the words that had thus had power to convert the frozen mountain into a volcano. He read the words, and our readers may do the same—

An April Fool!

We say that the Reverend Benjamin Blythe read those words, and their effect was magical. The veil was torn from his eyes. He saw, at once, that he was the victim of a miserable jest, the medium of a heartless insult, and, dashed in a moment from the eminence of his prosperity, found himself again a beggar, and his wife and children starving.—Miserable man! he attempted to stagger out of the lordly presence, but famine and misery had done their office, and he fell senseless at the feet of that said noble lord.

When consciousness returned to the Reverend Benjamin Blythe, he found himself lying on a sofa; he had been bled, his arm was bound up, and he was surrounded by several of the domestics of Lord Wycherly's establishment.

Lord Wycherly retired into the antechamber and beckoned the doctor, who had been hastily summoned, to follow him.

"And you think him ill"—

"Yes, my lord, and not slightly."

"And his complaint?"

"Starvation."

Poor Blythe remembered what had passed—his faculties gathered themselves together again—he staggered to his feet, endeavored to grasp his beaverless hat and his worn out gloves, and to totter forth into the wide and pitiless world again.

Lord Wycherly approached.

"My lord," said Blythe, in accents almost inarticulate through weakness and agitation—"my lord, it was never my intention to approach you with an insult—I was myself deceived. I did it innocently. I will go."

"Not yet," said Lord Wycherly, and he nodded for his attendants to leave the room.

"And now, Mr. Blythe, if you are well enough to converse for five minutes——"

"Certainly, my lord," gasped poor Blythe.

"Nay, oblige me by sitting, and I will do the same—and now swallow this glass of wine, it may help to remove your faintness."

The generous wine flowed through Blythe's very heart, and he partially rallied.

"My Lord, I thank you—I wish you could believe that I never intended to insult you. In all the unhappiness of my disappointment, the worst sting is, that my sacred profession should bear the odium of offering wanton affront."

"I believe you, Mr. Blythe, and I am sure you will be able to explain."

And Blythe attempted to do so. He hurried over the history of that day—its dark page—the buffeting, the scorn, the coldness, the contumely—disappointment upon disappointment, despair upon despair, hopelessness upon hopelessness, until he had met with one whom he had unsuspiciously believed a friend; and then came the history of that friend's deception, which had involved him in his present trouble.

"And his name?" asked Lord Wycherly.

"Pardon me, my lord. He bade me not tell it, and I heedlessly promised; but however lightly a promise may be given, it should be solemnly kept. Your lordship will not ask me."

"I will not—I will tell it to you."

"My lord?"

"It was Mr. Winkler. You need not answer me. I happened to leave a letter of his before me when you arrived, and the writing condemns him. I had then the pen in my hand to tell him I had resolved on accepting his proffered services—for he has connexions who have importuned me strongly in his favor, and I was yielding to them—but now I would sooner send to the next charity school! I owe him, however, one obligation—he has been the means of introducing you personally to me."

"I thank you, my lord, for thus generously acquitting me."

"And now, Mr. Blythe, will you do me the favor of being my secretary?"

"My lord!"

"Nay, this is quite a matter of business—one in which I am serving myself; and you must take this note, it is your first quarter's salary. You owe me no thanks; it is quite a matter of business—quite. And let me see—this is Monday—will it suit you to commence business next Monday? Will that time recruit your health and strength? I shall work you very hard—very hard—it is quite a matter of business—I give you fair notice. And now lunch is ready. You shall take lunch with me, and then go home to your family. Come, Mr. Blythe, walk this way, lunch is ready."

A tear, to the shame of Blythe's manhood, fell glittering at Lord Wycherly's feet, but Blythe could not utter a word; neither could he have tasted at the peer's luxurious table for all the diamonds that were ever dug up—ambrosia itself would have choked him. What! should he feast on dainties abroad, whilst his wife and children starved at home!

And home the Reverend Benjamin Blythe went—home in Lord Wycherly's carriage—for his limbs had all mutinied, entered into a union, made a strike, formed a conspiracy not to work for their master any longer;—and a hard master he must have been; for though two of the finest horses in the peer's stud dashed him along, they went far too slow for his impatient spirit.

But at length his joy was shared by that dear little wife, and those dearest of children. Ah! world, thou hast no pleasure abroad like loving hearts at home!

"Remember the rainbow another time, love," said the wife.

"Seven times a day," replied the husband, "yea, seventy times seven!"

"And while we live we will make the first of April a joyful anniversary," said the wife.

"Ay, to the very last we see!" replied the husband. "And now let us celebrate the first."

Meanwhile Lord Wycherly finished his letter to Mr. Winkler. As it furnished rather a curious specimen of epistolary correspondence, we present it to our readers:—

"Sir:—" Feeling anxious to do all in my power to oblige your friends, and being perfectly satisfied that your abilities qualify you for even a superior appointment to that of my secretary, I write to assure you that I shall have great pleasure in seeing you—"

So far had Lord Wycherly written when he had been interrupted by poor Blythe and his scene, after which he had done no more than wafer on Mr. Winkler's own note under the unfinished lines, and it then read thus—

"I shall have great pleasure in seeing you
"AN APRIL FOOL."

American Monthlies.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

The Stranger's Grave.

BY MISS JANE T. LOMAX.

Step lightly! let the stranger's grave be deemed a sacred place,
Although no monumental stone, record the sleeper's race;
For though no gilded praises tell the triumphs of the dead,
It may be, that a hero sleeps, where idle footsteps tread.

It may be, that a martyr rests, forgotten at your feet;
Ye know not with what holy hope, that mould'ring heart hath beat;
Nor how sublime and sad a lot, that lonely pilgrim wore;
Ye reck not of the deeds he dared, nor the many griefs he bore.

What a strange and solemn chronicle, could that deep grave disclose,
With its dim, dust-hoarded histories of honors or of woes!
For e'en the lowliest destiny, can teach a moral stern,
To tell with Fate's prophetic voice, of all that life must learn.

And it may be, that this sleeper's lips, by loving ones were prest;
It may be, that a mother's prayers, his pilgrimage had blest;
Sweet sisters may have pined for him, around the household hearth,
And his name may be a hushing sound, where hearts have met in mirth.

His seat may be a vacant place, where friends the wine-cup fill;
And eyes that knew and watched him well, may be weeping for him still;
Ye do not dream what wretched years that lonely grave has cost,
Ye cannot know how many grieved the brother loved and lost.

Tread lightly! let the stranger's sleep, no careless step profane;
Give reverence to the nameless one, who lived and died in vain!
Yet not in vain if with this spot a pitying sadness blend,
To give you kinder thoughts for those, who miss and mourn a friend.

From the Ladies' Companion.

The Will;

Or, Law's Labor Lost.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"In love, the Heavens themselves do guide the state,
Money buys lands, but wives are sold by fate."
SHAKSPEARE.

"Frank! Frank Eridon! what in the world is the matter with you? I have been standing at your elbow these five minutes, and you don't seem to have heard a word that I have been saying."

"I beg your pardon, sister, I did not see you."

"No, nor do you seem to see any thing else; look, your segar has burned a hole in the paper lying on your knee, and I suppose you would not have discovered it until the fire had penetrated to the flesh."

Frank laughed, and tossing away his mouldering segar, said, "I was absorbed in thought, Mary, and forgot every thing."

"Pray what were you thinking about, brother? W[illegible] pondering on the case [illegible]ome suffering patient, [illegible] recalling the charms of the last new face in Broadway?"

"Neither, sister; the last new face is perfectly indifferent to me, and as for patients—Heaven help the mark—if it were not for my hospital duties, I believe I should forget my profession."

"Why, you certainly have had time enough since you wrote yourself down M. D., to have some experience in the art of killing *secundem artem*."

"Ah, my good sister, you know little of the struggles which men are compelled to make against evil fortune. Talk of hardships! why, the lot of a common laborer is luxury, compared to that of a young physician."

"How do you prove that, pray?"

"Very easily. The laborer *is* poor, and *seems* poor, while his daily toil procures him food, clothes and fire, which are all he wants; but a young physician—an intellectual and educated man, with refined tastes and habits, compelled to look and act the gentleman, even in the midst of actual want, and denied the privilege of cultivating his best affections because poverty [illegible] ever at his heels, is the most luckless wretch beneath the sun."

"What a sombre-tinted picture you have made, brother."

"I have drawn my tints from facts, Mary. People will not employ a young and unmarried doctor; they think wisdom is never to be found unaccompanied by wrinkles. No fashionable belle ever dreaded the first grey hair as much as I have watched and hoped for it."

"For sh[illegible], Frank; just look in that glass, if your eyes can penetrate the dust that lies upon it, and tell me if you would like to see streaks of silver mingling with those fine masses of black hair upon your temples."

Frank glanced toward the mirror, not without a slight feeling of gratified vanity, for he could not but be sensible that few finer persons were ever reflected from its shining surface. "After all," said he, with a half sigh, "What is the use of good looks, or talent, or industry! here have I been hiving up knowledge for years, and gathering a store of kindly affections since my boyhood, yet my knowledge is useless, and my affections only prey upon my own heart. I cannot obtain a lucrative practice as a physician, because I am too young. I cannot marry because I have no practice, and by the time old age has given me a diploma to kill or cure *ad libitum*, I shall have no love to bestow upon any one."

"A most lamentable tale, truly, brother; there is only one way that I can perceive to enliven it; you must marry a rich wife."

"This from *you*, Mary! from *you*, who refused one of the richest men in the community, to marry the object of your early attachment."

"I did not say you must marry a woman whom you do not love, Frank, for the sake of her wealth; are there no loveable woman to be found among the rich? The pretty widow, for instance, with whom you were walking yesterday," said Mary, with an arch smile.

"For Heaven's sake, sister, do not speak of her: I can bear with your merry jests, on any subject but that."

"My dear brother, I would not, for the world, sport with your serious feelings; but why, if you love her, are you so unhappy? She must be fastidious indeed, if she cannot feel a reciprocal esteem for a man like Frank Eridon."

"Sit down beside me, Mary, and I will tell you all I know about her; you shall sympathise with me, and perhaps advise me. About six months since, I had just laid aside my books, and was drawing on my gloves for my usual walk, when the office door opened, and a head, covered with shaggy red hair was thrust in:—

"Is the doctor home?" was asked in a rich brogue.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Och, shure—he's just fell, and lies for dead."

"An accident, I suppose."

"That's it, shure enough."

I looked at my neat dress, my light gloves, and my best beaver, and hesitated a moment, for I have had some little experience in mending broken bones and cracked pates. But the man was waiting, so notwithstanding my forebodings of an ugly job, and no fee, I followed him. "Has the man hurt, his head?" I asked, still thinking it was some laborer who had fallen from a neighboring building.

"Och, thin, his head is just gone intirely," was the luminous reply.

"Then there is not much use in my going," said I.

"What 'ud be ailing *me* to tell your honor a lie; it's his sinses I mane; his head's just where it belongs, and that's on his shoulders, shure."

What a hearty laugh at the droll look, as well as the droll speech of the honest Irishman, I followed him to the door of a large house in the next street; and, much to my surprise, was ushered into a well-furnished drawing-room, where I beheld an old man stretched on a sofa, in all the stupor of apoplexy. To tell you the truth, Mary, I was not sorry to find myself the first doctor upon the ground, and I immediately adopted the most prompt measures for the relief of the patient. Don't look so alarmed; I am not going to give you the details of his treatment; it is enough to say that the old man at length gave some signs of returning animation. He was carried to bed, and, as I foresaw that death would probably ensue, though several days of unconsciousness might intervene, I thought it advisable to divide the responsibility, by proposing to send for the family physician.

"We have none," exclaimed a sharp-voiced elderly woman, whom I concluded to be the old man's wife. "Mr. Brambleton was always afraid of doctors, and he never had a family doctor."

"Did you never get sick?" I asked in some surprise.

"Oh, yes, but we always sent to the druggists for a dose of medicine, and with that, and some *yerb tea*, we doctor ourselves."

I turned away to hide a smile as I replied, that in this case more powerful remedies were required, and, mentioning the name of a distinguished physician, I begged that he might be called in consultation.

"I should think you risked the loss of your patient by the *doctor*, if not by the disease," said Mary laughing.

"No sister, I knew my man; Dr. ——'s character for probity and high-mindedness, is so well established, that one may consult him, without expecting to be superceded by him. I am sorry I cannot pay the same honest tribute of respect to all the fraternity. However, Dr. —— came, approved of all I had done, and kindly left me the whole management of the case, only affording me the benefit of his advice. To be sure, there was little to be done, except to watch the disease, and seize any favorable change that might occur. Mr. Brambleton recovered his consciousness so far as to recognise persons around him, and the first evidence he gave of it, was to order the old lady out of his room. He refused to receive any thing except from the hands of a beautiful creature whom I had supposed to be his daughter, but whom, to my great surprise, I now learned was his *wife*. He was old enough to be her grandfather, Mary, and as testy and choleric as you can imagine.

"He seemed fast recovering, when one day something occurred, which excited his anger against the old woman, his wife's mother. He flew into a violent passion; his rage actually choked his utterance, and in the midst of this excitement, he was seized with another apoplectic fit. He died in twelve hours after. Thus ended my duties toward him, but Mrs. Brambleton, young, sensitive and timid, was shocked and terrified at his sudden death. She was nervous and hysterical for several days, and it required some skill to soothe the excessive agitation of her system."

"You found her a dangerous patient, brother."

"I did, indeed, Mary, but not at that time. I had no disposition to fall in love with the widow beside the coffin of her husband. But I fear I have since seen her too often for my own peace; I have called upon her, frequently, under the plea of professional duty, but she needs no such care, for her health is as good as my own, and I now shall be compelled, in spite of myself, to cease my visits."

"What is there to hinder your visiting her, if you admire her, Frank."

"Her wealth, Mary, and my poverty; I cannot bear to have my motives misrepresented, and my best feelings misunderstood."

"Are you sure she is rich?"

"There is no doubt of it. The will has been opened, at least, I judge so, from the fact that my bill was paid a few weeks after the old man's death—and he is said to have been worth two hundred thousand dollars."

"But perhaps she does not inherit it."

"Alas! Mary, *if she is* rich I dare not offer her my heart, lest she should think me interested in my views; if she is not wealthy I must never breathe my love, for how could I bear to reduce her to poverty such as mine?"

"Come, come, Frank, don't give yourself up to despondency; if you lov[e] her, try to discover the nature of her feelings, and if you find your affection returned, then marry her; let people say what they will. The gossip of that many-toned monster, whom we call the world, is little to be regarded. It called me a *fool* for preferring *love in a cottage*, and perhaps it will deem you a *knave* for finding *love in a palace*; but what need we care if we are happy in our own way. Remember the pretty song—

'Tom, if you love me, pray tell me so.'

How is she to give you any evidence of her feelings, if you are resolute in representing your own?"

"How I wish I was rich!"

"And she poor, I suppose; a very kind wish, truly; I dare say the pretty widow would not thank you for it. Take my advice, Frank, if she is gentle and kind and warm-hearted, win her if you can. If *she marries you*, it must be for *love*, as it certainly can't be for *money*; and now, good bye; I wanted you to walk with me, but it is now too late, so I will leave you to your *brown study*."

"Ah," sighed Frank, as her cheerful face disappeared from his view: "if I could but find as true-hearted a creature as that dear sister of mine, I should have little fear for my future happiness. But I dare not tell her all my cares; I could not tell her that even while I believe the lovely Julia Brambleton might be won, I am restrained from the pursuit by the remembrance of her past life. Why did she marry that cross old man? How can so young and gentle a creature be mercenary and selfish?—Yet would she have wedded age and ill temper, if she had not been both? Heigho! she is very beautiful; I wish I had never seen her. But I must not sit moping here; my health requires regular exercise, and I suppose Mrs. Brambleton thinks the same of herself, for I always meet her at this hour in Broadway. Heigho!" and so saying the young doctor brushed his best broadcloth coat, dusted his shining boots, pulled his snowy wristbands *down*, and his immaculate collar *up*, grasped his slender little cane, and sallied forth.

As he had expected, he met Mrs. Brambleton, shrouded in the 'weeds of deepest woe.' She invited him to attend her home, one of her servants being ill with a cold, and she wished his medical skill exerted in her behalf. Of course Frank was delighted. He prescribed for the girl—complimented the old mother on her good looks, (N. B. she had a face like that of a Chinese lion, or a Nankin jar,) and made himself so agreeable to the widow, that dinner was served before he thought of taking leave. But he was wise enough to decline the fair dame's invitation to remain and take a family dinner with them, for he had espied a warning glance in the old lady's eye, and a gathering cloud upon her brow, which, knowing her economical habits, he had tact enough to interpret into a presage of a meagre bill of fare.

The sickness of the domestic brought Frank Erldon to Mrs. Brambleton's house every day, and, as the housemaid had no greater objection to illness and good nursing, than the doctor to a *tete-a-tete* with his charming mistress, several weeks elapsed before she became convalescent. During all this time, Frank had availed himself of his opportunities, and had made himself so agreeable to the young widow, that she learned to anticipate his daily visit as a pleasant interruption to the monotony of her secluded life. It was no wonder, therefore, that he became deeply fascinated with her loveliness. Beautiful and gentle, she appeared before him in all the bloom of early womanhood, for the sunshine of three and twenty summers had brought to perfection the graces of her person, while it ripened the fine qual-

"I don't believe a word of it," growled the cross old fellow.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the other. "If this is not a hoax, it is a capital trick for cheating the ghost of a suspicious old husband. Does Mrs. Brambleton—does your wife, I mean, know all this?"

"To be sure she does; she was willing to forfeit her wealth for the sake of her lover, and she is now quite content to share the fortunes of her *husband's heir*. Nor must she be censured for obeying the impulses of a susceptible heart. Where there are no recollections of *past tenderness* to link the living with the dead, even *golden fetters* are not strong enough to bind the affections."

Brooklyn, L. I.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1841.

The Philadelphia Mammoth.

The beautiful typographical appearance, and the increased size of the Post, win encomiums from exchanges in every quarter, and have already called forth the more substantial applause of fresh subscribers, with advance remittances. In fact, the only way to keep the lead, in the present opposition in the newspaper field, is to distance all competitors by publishing a paper in quality, style, and price, superior to any. It is admitted on all hands, that the Saturday Evening Post is now the cheapest paper in the country, having all the merit of size of the large mammoth papers of New York and Boston, and containing more popular reading matter, at *one-third less price per annum*. The price of the Post being but TWO dollars, and that of our cotemporaries being THREE.

We take a little credit to ourselves being the first established weekly newspaper in Philadelphia—that we have both the merit of *greater age*, and *greater enterprise*, than any other weekly newspaper published in this city—in fact, we may say in this country. For while prosperity has firmly established the paper, it has not brought with it its usual attendants, indolence and inactivity. We are determined to *keep the lead*, and by the employment of capital, and industry, we flatter ourselves, that it can be done.

We owe many thanks to our exchanges for the handsome manner in which they speak of us, and cannot resist the temptation to append a few.

Notices of the Press.

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of the present week will make its appearance to-morrow, considerably enlarged and much improved. We have been favored with an early copy, and take pleasure in speaking of it, as one of the best and richest specimens of a weekly and family paper, that has ever been submitted to our examination."—*Inquirer, Philadelphia.*

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the first established of the existing weekly papers in the city, has been improved in appearance and considerably enlarged. The change proves it prosperous and popular."—*North American, Philadelphia.*

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of last week, made its appearance in a handsome new dress and greatly enlarged. Always one of the neatest and most interesting weekly sheets of Philadelphia, as well as the very oldest, it has now peculiar claims to that distinction; and we have no doubt that our friends will secure that success for their efforts which merit never fails to accord."—*Telegraph, Germantown, Pa.*

"SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old established literary paper, (neutral in politics) has been increased in size, several columns, and is now the largest paper in the country, for the price. It is conducted with much ability and maintains the reputation which it has long enjoyed as one of the first family papers in the State."—*Journal, Reading, Pa.*

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has come to us considerably enlarged, and in an entire new dress. Graham & Co. are determined not to be behind hand in the way of making their paper one of the most useful weeklies now published in the State. New York may boast of her mammoth sheets, but the Philadelphians have reason to feel proud of a literary paper like that of the 'Evening Post,' which is ever stored with matter both interesting and amusing."—*Jefferson Democrat, Reading.*

"THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST comes to us this week, in a new dress, considerably enlarged, and otherwise improved, without increasing the terms of subscription. The Post is decidedly one of the best family newspapers in this country, and the great success and increase of patronage with which this old established paper meets, is fully deservered by the enterprising editors, George R. Graham & Co."—*Sun, Baltimore, Md.*

"SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This paper has been published twenty years, and ever since our remembrance, it has ranked with the best newspapers in the city of Philadelphia. It is published by George R. Graham & Co."—*Banner and Democrat, Towanda.*

The above are but a small portion of opinions expressed by our cotemporaries, of all parts of the country, and we shall take occasion shortly, when our news department is less crowded, to give quite a number.

We profess to feel as much honest pride in publishing a fine looking and prosperous paper as does a farmer in raising a fine field of wheat, and though success may not always be attributed to the hand of the sower, it is a pleasure that "the work has prospered in our hands," and we reap with a gratitude not the less pure, because we recognize other agencies than our own.

Pennsylvania Finances.

The passage of a Revenue Bill—Its Provisions—Vetoed by the Governor—His Objections—His views respecting what should be Done—The U. S. Bank—Concluding paragraphs of the Veto—Editorial Remarks.

By a reference to the legislative news, it will be seen that the Revenue bill, after passing both houses, was vetoed by the Governor. We shall gratify the curiosity of our Pennsylvania subscribers, by giving abstracts of the bill and veto. The sections of the bill were as follows:

§ 1. Authorizes the governor to negotiate a loan for $3,100,000, in certificates of $100.

§ 2. Banks to subscribe to it, and then issue 1, 2, and $5 notes to the amount of subscription.

§ 3. When a holder has $100, he may present it, and obtain a certificate.

§ 4. Banks to receive an interest of *one* per cent for their trouble.

§ 5. Banks complying with the law to be cleared from paying tax on dividends.

§ 6. Bank charters to be forfeited, if they do not comply with the law.

§ 7. Bank issues graduated in proportion to capital.

§ 8. Banks may receive and re-issue these notes.

§ 9. 10. Levies further taxes on occupations and on storekeepers by classes.

§ 11. Banks may fund debt, except U. States Bank.

§ 12. Banks may issue small notes, on complying with the provisions of the section.

§ 13. Banks when they leave notes in the hands of the Auditor General, shall not pay interest, or receive compensation.

§ 14. *Appropriation.*

Common Schools,	$330,000
Higher Institutions,	45,000
Pensions,	60,000
Repairs of Public Works,	400,000
Debts for repairs before November, 1840,	268,003
Orphans' Asylum and House of Refuge,	7,000
Deaf and Dumb Asylum,	16,400
Bald Eagle navigation guarantee,	10,000
Danville and Pottsville do	15,000
Monongahela navigation company,	70,000
State Library debts,	239 42
Damage fund	50,000
Premiums on Silk,	6,000
Militia,	20,000
Expenses of Government,	350,000
Lock-keepers, and Collectors, &c.	60,000
Temporary Loan,	15,000
Nicholson court,	1,500
Debts on Shenango line,	250,011 83
Conneaut line,	261,386 05
North Branch,	513,714 92
Wisconisco,	94,837 28
Inclined Plane, Columbia,	6,660 00
Reservoirs,	50,000
Ropes for Portage road,	17,854
Superintendent of public grounds,	600
Debts on Sinnemahoning,	1,206
Repairs on Delaware,	60,000
Locomotives,	7,500
Canal Commissioners and new work,	25,000
Geological survey,	10,200
Relaying N. track Col. R. R.	52,130
	$2,775,532 50

Engineer corps hereafter not to cost annually over $20,000.

§ 15. Money may not be diverted from its special object of appropriation.

§ 16. Governor to provide for carrying law into effect.

§ 17. Banks not to pay over 6 per cent. interest, and law of last year repealed, and provisions excepting bank of U. S. from operation of the law.

§ 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. Provisions respecting the mode of winding up bank United States.

§ 25 Proxies of 60 days standing may vote.

§ 26. 27. Banks not accepting to be under law of April, 1840.

§ 28. 29. Banks accepting to notify Governor of it. Secretary of Commonwealth to notify banks of the passage of the act.

The Governor's Veto.

The above bill failed to meet the approbation of the Governor. His reasons for refusing to sign it are given in a lengthy document, which would occupy several even of our mammoth columns. The Executive objects strongly to the 17th section, as conferring on the Banks an absolute exemption from specie payments for five years. The provision suspending the penalties against the Bank until the loan of $3,000,000 is repaid, also meets his disapprobation. He thinks it, in fact, placing the State wholly in the power of the Banks, as it would be their interest to prevent the payment of the loan, and consequently they might for a period of ten or more years continue a suspension—the inability of the State to pay off the loan in that number of years being, in the Governor's opinion, manifest.

The authority given to the stockholders of the U. S. Bank to make an assignment, also meets his disapprobation. He objects moreover to the exoneration of the trustees or assigns from giving, as is usual in such cases, security for the faithful execution of the trust; and also from making out an inventory, and having an appraisement taken of the property assigned. But above all, he objects to the introduction of the U. S. Bank, in any way into the bill. His words on this subject are,

"The influence of this institution upon the other Banks, and upon the general prosperity of the country, has been abundantly deleterious, and I can see no special reason in favor of exonerating this Bank, and its Trustees, from obligations that are imposed upon every man, without distinction, who is invested with the same kind of important trusts. The powers given to this Bank, at the time of its origin, were considered ample for every necessary purpose, and I do not perceive in its present condition any good ground for this unqualified enlargement of them."

After having thus recorded his reasons against the bill in its present shape, the Governor proceeds to chalk out the manner in which his objections may be removed.

He first states that he has always been opposed to the issue of small notes, but that within a short time many reasons have arisen why they should be tolerated, at least for awhile. Among these are the prevalence of small notes in neighboring states, the circulation of those notes here, and the probability that our Banks cannot for some time resume specie-payments, and afford the people a circulating medium of small coin. "In this state of things," he says, "the issue of a limited amount of notes, under the denomination of five dollars, for a limited period of time, based upon the security of the State stock and State credit, seems to be less liable to objection than any other mode proposed at any former period of time." Still, however, as a private citizen, the Governor would oppose the issue of small notes, but as an executive, depending on appropriations to carry on the government, he stands in a different position. "As between the sanction of such a measure," he says, "as this, and the embarrassments that must necessarily be produced, by the defeat of a bill, making appropriations for the indispensable wants of the government, I should consider it as a choice of evils at the best, and that as the least evil which would produce the least general distress."

The governor then declares that all the Banks ask, is to have the resolutions of April 3d, 1840, repealed, and to be placed on their old footing under the act of 1824. From the passage of that act up to the charter of the Pennsylvania Bank of the U. S. the Banks of the Commonwealth were prosperous. Nor were there any complaints by the people. But the enormous increase of banking capital resulting from the charter of the U. S. Bank led to reckless speculations, ending in prostration. The Governor continues in the following words:

"There is obviously but one rational and certain remedy for the evil: that is, to get rid of the causes which produced it. Let the Bank of the United States meet its fate under its charter; let the resolutions of 3d April, 1840, passed with the hope of correcting some of the evils which the Bank of the United States had produced, be repealed, inasmuch as it has been decided by the proper tribunal, that *that institution* is exempt from their operation, and on the same principle there are four other Banks claiming like special privileges, which are exempt also, the whole of the capital of these Banks aggregately amounting to two-thirds of the banking capital of this State—and let the other Banks of the Commonwealth be placed under the regulations of the act of 1824. I appeal to the recollection of those who have been familiar with the condition of things in Pennsylvania for years past, and to the history of the times, to bear me out in the assertion that neither the banks nor the people of the Commonwealth ever enjoyed a state of higher prosperity, nor of more absolute freedom from all pecuniary embarrassments and difficulties, than they did during the interval from 1824 to 1836; and I do not perceive any well grounded reason to doubt that, with a little patience, prudence and economy, the same salutary results that flowed from the laws then in force, will be again felt, if the same laws are restored."

The concluding passage of the message is an appeal to the Legislature not to adjourn until they have provided, in some less objectionable way, for the wants of the Commonwealth. "I call upon you, fellow citizens of the Legislature," says the Governor, "I conjure you to pause and think well before you depart to your respective places of abode, without making some adequate provision, to save the government of the State from the want of the pecuniary means of performing its vital functions. I entreat you to contemplate the awful and unprecedented responsibility you would thus be assuming, and to think of the judgment of posterity. I have done all that lies in my power, the rest is with you."

Revenue Bill Passed.

We have thus laid before our readers a synopsis of the whole subject respecting a revenue and a reform of the Banks, as agitated at Harrisburg. We have given the bill expressing the views of the legislature, and the veto embodying those of the Executive. Both merit consideration. The arguments urged in the legislature in favor of the bill are not, however, within our reach; in justice to the large number who advocated the bill they ought not to be disregarded. They seem, however, to have been reasons, founded in the peculiar situation of the Commonwealth. The bill was a compromise. Each party gave up something of its notions in order to secure the rest.

On Tuesday, it will be seen by a reference to the Legislative News (which we have given this week more full than usual,) *that the Revenue Bill, with some modifications*, passed both houses by a majority of two-thirds. The Legislature then adjourned.

The Steamer Launched.

Wednesday was a great day for Philadelphia. The morning opened fine, but towards noon the sky clouded over, although no rain fell, as was feared to disturb the harmony of the scene. The gates of the Navy Yard opened at ten o'clock. Long before that hour, however, crowds had begun to collect in the vicinity. By twelve the spectators had covered every house-top, wood-pile, wharf, and vessel's decks in the vicinity. Up in the city, even as far as Chesnut St. the current of passengers might be seen setting towards the Navy Yard, and from one until nearly three o'clock, the streets seemed almost deserted.

Long before high-water, the crowds which had gathered in and around the Navy Yard had amounted to thousands. Stagings had been erected in every convenient position, which were full of spectators, while several of the larger steamboats, and numerous smaller craft, filled with passengers, lay in the stream fronting the ship house. From the upper deck of the splendid Steam Boat Ohio, the spectacle was one of surpassing grandeur and beauty. The River was literally alive with innumerable Club Boats, Schooners, Sloops and Steamers.—Opposite the Ship House, every thing centered. The Ship House itself was lined with people, the Receiving Ship was covered with *fair forms*, and the wharves contiguous were black with human beings.

On board the Steamer were a few ladies, most of the conductors of the city press, the National Greys, and a large number of private citizens, making altogether about a thousand persons.

Soon after one o'clock, the signal gun was fired from the yard, as a timely notice to "clear the road." The Steamers with their gay flags, bands of music, and throngs of passengers, arranged themselves in lines opposite the Navy Yard, forming a splendid avenue through which the Steamer should triumphantly pass into her destined element. Every thing was now in readiness. The small row boats and sailing craft which still lingered in the way, were withdrawn, and no obstacle now presented itself to defer the launch. At thirty-one minutes past one o'clock, the forward shore having been knocked away, the noble vessel glided gracefully along the ways into her future home. At first a faint cry was heard, It increased like an approaching tornado, and soon swelled into loud and long and hearty plaudits of the immense concourse of people both on the land and on the water, as well as by the multitude who filled the deck of the magnificent steam ship. Moving gracefully along, the beautiful structure sank, with a curtesy, into the water, while the roar of artillery announced the event and bands of music on all sides joined in swelling the strains of gladness, at the fortunate and beautiful launch.

At the moment that she touched the water, she was appropriately named according to time-honored usage, by the breaking of a bottle of wine across the bow; and as she glided out into the river, the roar of the saluting guns of the Yard came booming full and deep across the water.

Such was her appearance from the river, and the neighboring stagings. What was the scene as beheld from her decks? We cannot do better than give the words of one who was on board at the moment of the launch:

"Cannon were fired at intervals, and as the time approached for the launch, and we could hear far down below the workmen knocking away the blocks, the confused hum of many voices, sunk into a gentle whisper and almost into silence, with dread and yet eager expectation. We took this opportunity of glancing out at the port-holes, for the bulwarks of the vessel were much higher than the top of our head, and such a *coup d'œil!* It was beyond expression, touching and sublime. As far as the eye could reach, on land, nothing met it but a vast sea of human faces all turned upward and full of emotion. On the water side nothing could be seen but an innumerable host of vessels and boats of every description, from the huge steamboat, to the little ferry-boat, and thence down to the pigmy skiff—all of them filled to overflowing with human beings, their eyes all directed toward the calm object, that lay motionless, as if conscious of, but too proud to notice the admiration, of which she was the subject.

At precisely one o'clock and thirty-five minutes, a deafening shout rent the air, and a quivering beneath us of the mighty mass told us that she was moving. Another shout and another trembling movement succeeded. Another! and with a slight tremor our noble ship darted into the waters like a bird into mid-air, and gracefully levelling herself upon their bosom, passed through the congregation of boats that lined her path-way with a haughtiness that seemed to belong to life; while the band struck up Hail Columbia, and every hat, and every voice, were uplifted in joyous congratulation, and the very atmosphere appeared to vibrate with tones of exultation. Twenty-six quarter minute guns were then fired. As the frigate swung around, we shall never forget the grand and thrilling spectacle that presented itself! It seemed as if every house in our city had poured out its inhabitants to gaze upon the scene, for such an incalculable number of people certainly never before here turned out on a similar occasion. We counted besides, nine steamboats that were absolutely overrun with passengers in the river, four at the wharves crowded—sixty-two vessels of various descriptions, and eighty-five smaller boats.

When the Pennsylvania was launched there was considerable strain on the vessel by the fall from the end of the ways to the water—that is, there was not sufficient depth of water to support the weight of the ship as it left the ways, and the consequence was that the hull was greatly strained, and the seams opened in every part of her. Such, however, was not the case with the Mississippi.

She passed into the stream to the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, when she brought up by her fastenings. While lying by her hawsers, the innumerable fleet of sail, steam and row boats passed around or along side of her, and a universal sentiment of admiration was elicited by the great beauty and symmetry of her proportions.

About three o'clock she was hauled in to the wharf; but as before that time it had began to rain, the crowd of spectators generally dispersed. Every one appeared highly gratified, and but few accidents, which are recorded in another column, occurred.

Stockholders Meeting at U. S. Bank.

Large meeting of Stockholders at U. S. Bank—Resolutions adopted—Mr. Lippincott's reply to Mr. Biddle—Counter statements to his letter—Partial assignment of the effects of the U. S. Bank.

On Tuesday a meeting of stockholders of the U. S. Bank took place, which, although somewhat stormy, ended in the adoption of no measure of general interest, except a resolution instructing the Directors to secure the circulation and deposits by the immediate assignment of special security.

A letter, however, was read from Mr. Lippincott, chairman of the committee of investigation, in reply to the letters of Mr. Biddle.

He stated, in effect, that he had not intended to reply to Mr. Biddle personally, but that he deemed it due to the stockholders to explain his conduct to them.

Mr. Lippincott denies explicitly ever having obtained any large amount of money from the bank, except in the regular course of business, although more than once when he forgot to have his notes renewed by the board, they were discounted by the cashier. Every liability of Mr. L's has, he says, been long since liquidated in money.

With respect to the report being an attack of the Schuylkill Navigation Company on the bank, Mr. L. says nothing is more untrue. His denial is, in his own words, intended to be "plain, positive, explicit, and entire." The managers of the Navigation Company, Mr. L. says, so far from conspiring against the bank, actually had on deposit there, on the day of suspension, $70,574,82. He also says that the committee of investigation had already, at the time of suspension, discovered the prostrate condition of the bank.

With respect to the resolutions passed in 1832—4, &c., Mr. L. remarks that, at that period, the directors thought Mr. Biddle worthy of implicit confidence, and that they supported him in opposition to the general government.

Mr. L. gives a different version from Mr. Biddle's of the information furnished by Mr. Cowperthwaite. We quote his words:

"Mr. Cowperthwait did call upon me at the office of the Schuylkill Navigation Co., and observed that he had received a letter from me as Chairman of the Investigating Committee, and that he had called at the Bank and was unable to obtain the vouchers of the expenditures. This I wrote on a scrap of paper myself, and handed it to him, with a request that he would add such explanation as he thought proper, and he wrote thereon as follows: 'that he was willing to give any explanation to the Committee, he was possessed of,' and he then returned the paper to me without his signature.

This was all the paper contained, or that passed between us on the subject; he was not in the office over ten minutes; I have not seen or heard from him since.

His paper, as above quoted, was on the same day presented to the gentlemen composing the Investigating Committee, was examined by them, and considered by all as not containing any thing like explanation or reply to the subject of my letter to him, and was so treated by them."

Mr. L. next alludes to the report of the Dividend Committe of 1838, of which he was Chairman, and which spoke of the flourishing condition of the Bank in such favorable terms. He says that the reports were "always previously prepared by the officers of the Bank, (and as now appears,) *very artfully, and with great circumspection*, and being neatly copied by a clerk in the Bank, were handed to the Dividend Committee for their examination and comparison, with numerous documents accompanying them. These reports were also usually compared with the general ledger, and if found to correspond therewith, also (which was always the case,) were signed by the Chairman of the Committee and presented to the Board."

"None of the vouchers, Mr. L. says, were seen by him; and when the Committee of Investigation came to inquire for them, they learned that they were destroyed.

"In fine," says Mr. L. "the difficulty of detecting an intended concealment of a particular transaction, in this examination of accounts in all its various details, in a concern of seventy millions of dollars or more and necessarily embracing so large a mass of papers and books, may be readily conceived."

Such is the substance of Mr. Lippincott's reply.

In connexion with this subject we may mention that a partial assignment is now on file in the Recorder's office, intended to cover the claims of the Philadelphia Banks on the United States Bank. The trustees named on the part of the Philadelphia Banks, are Messrs. James Dundas, Mordecai D. Lewis, Samuel W. Jones, Robert L. Pitfield, and Robert Howell.

The property assigned amounts to $7,772,250 33, and consists of bonds, mortgages, real estate, stocks, &c. here, and elsewhere.

The post notes due to the Philadelphia Banks amount to $5,078,444 94.

Other arrangements with regard to the circulation and deposits are now in progress, and will be perfected as speedily as possible.

Custom House Appointments.

The custom house appointments for this port were made last Saturday, and most of the new officers entered on their duties immediately. Many of the appointments, however, appear to have given dissatisfaction, not only to the Whig newspapers, but to a large portion of that party resident here. Some of the new officers, it is roundly asserted, have been engaged in disreputable election transactions. We do not profess to be knowing in these matters—for we eschew politics as we eschew the plague—but to judge by the complaints, loud, long and unremitted, uttered by a portion of the Whigs, their dissatisfaction is deep. One thing, however, may be said in passing. No appointments whatever would have been universally popular even among the Whigs. There would be too many unsuccessful candidates for that.

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance: $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to find their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please collect their accounts with their names as initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publishers, unless by special agreement.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received at par, or par for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts current. They should always give names and Post Office.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, to agents, will be entitled to an extra copy.

Remittals must always state the Post office current from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

BY JOHN H. THOMPSON, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

BY I. E. JAMES is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Smith and Seth D. Hyde. Subscribers and local agents will please say what they call will oblige us by settling with them.

BY THOMAS SIDERS, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of Virginia, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us by handing them the money with which he may favor them.

BY C. W. JAMES, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorized to collect and receive new subscriptions in the States of Ohio and Kentucky, and in the District of Columbia and Maryland.

BY J. D. HARRIS and I. F. EASTON for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

BY R. H. MORRIS and JOHN F. JOHNSON for Kentucky.

BY W. A. PEIRCE, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

BY J. C. TOWNSEND, Esq. as our agent for Ohio river.

BY I. TOWNSEND for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen will please liquidate their accounts at once.

Local Agents.

BY J. B. MCELVAINE, Esq. of Maysville, Ky. is agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine. We cordially recommend him.

BY WM. MCGARY is agent for the Post and Magazine at Harrisburg, Pa. Subscribers in that place will oblige us by paying him their subscriptions.

BY F. I. CLARK, P. M. at Northumberland county Pa. is agent for the Post and Graham's Magazine at that place.

BY D. A. BARTLEY, of Jacksonville, Ill. is the agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine. We recommend him to patronage as the century now commanding. We cordially recommend him.

BY I. ROSS, Jr. Newark, N. Y. is duly authorized to receive names due for Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

BY WM. H. TUTH, Esq. of Versailles, Ky. is our agent; see JOHN ARMSTRONG, Esq. resigned.

To Correspondents.

THE VICTIM OF LOVE.—Your case is a sad one for prayers for our readiness, and the catastrophe much too horrible. No sensible man can be safe in the hands of a woman who has not a lady tie. The favorite plan is to knock the neck off—but a thousand other modes are open to the choice of the lover, she may live a thousand years," with some jealous old Methuselah—may die further than the moon, and yet send you such benevolent expressions of sentiment—but as to blessing means only the Lord love you friend—a man who puts on the appearance of love to your victim has only to finish it blow out.

F. J. C. is declined.

The story by our friend "HAOWELL" shall appear at a week or two.

The poetry by "CANNING" cannot appear. The writer of such trash had better commence his spelling book before he aspires to trouble us again.

The tale by "ANDREW" shall appear at an early date.

A TRAVELLER.—We cannot possibly publish it at this instance, does appear to suspect it.

"ONE" knows not Andrew Jackson "MUST EVERYWHERE" was omitted, or it should have appeared before. Look for it next week.

The article entitled "RELIGION" is accepted to what we have on hand for the Author's own benefit.

B. N.—accepted.

We have several powerful stories on our file, and others promised us, to which shall appear in due time. Make way for them.

The Bank Forgery Again.

The individual, Mr. Matthew Wm. Mumford, who made the abortive attempt on the Girard Bank, having decamped—his trunk was broken open in his room at the Merchants Hotel, various articles of clothing and a pair of boots, with sweet options, were found in the trunk. The value was opened, and contained a pair of pistols, and in consequence, two cutlasses, a bottle of blue ink, and a bottle with strong hydrochloric acid. The latter supposed to High Constable Young for safe keeping. It has doubtless been used for the purpose of obliterating the Dagame. He is, we learn, a man of about the medium size from thirty-five to thirty-nine years of age, complexion, round, full face, florid color, light sharp hair, no whiskers. The utmost exertions are being made to find him, we are informed, by High Constable Young, and others, to trace him to his retreat.

The mystery attending some part of this affair, forgery will probably be cleared up in the course of a few days. An account is expected by Wm. D. Lewis, Esq., cashier of the Girard Bank, on the arrival of the mail of days, to a letter written by him to Mr. Hall, of New Orleans, and from the tenor of the letter, the forgery will be made whole matter. Draper's accomplice is not heard of, although no pains have been spared to find him out. He is described as being about 30 or 40 years of age, dark complexion, black hair, and is said to be rather stout, heavily dressed. Draper is inclined by some to be lighthearted about the city yet, as a letter said to be in his hand, written by him to a friend, was published—Philadelphia, April 20th," it would seem, therefore, that he was not aware of the fact, perhaps deceived by the fact that he is a bold operator, and has without doubt spent years in an aggregation of villainy, and has no doubt of the operation that he has not sealed in any vessel bound to Europe, and it is hardly likely that he will remain in the city, as he would most probably be trapped in the attempt.

In addition to this, and in relation to the other forgeries, the Commercial Reporters says, that last week, a gentleman from this city received a letter addressed to him on 7th, 7th and 7th of the Commercial Bank. It is thought to be a part of the scheme to obtain the check for the proceeds of his fraudulent certificate of deposit in Girard Bank. Another list of forged checks is expected. The certificates of deposit passed off there and at London, were stolen from a small denomination, drawn on a genuine plate.

Destructive Fire at New Orleans.

THREE LIVES LOST.

A destructive fire, consuming the loss of three lives, took place at New Orleans, on the 7th ult. It commenced in the upper story house of J. B. Bowie, Esq. and Mrs. Bowie together with his nephew, Elliot Beach, a young man were burned to death. Mrs. Bowie was 70 years old. The accident time, were sleeping in the upper part of the building. W. B. escaped, but the others perished in the flames.

The fire then communicated to the next building, occupied by Hamilton & Saunders as a commission and forwarding goods. Holland gin, &c. &c., which was also destroyed, with nearly the whole of the contents of the premises.

The loss of Messrs. Beach & Co. including the building of which it was the property, is estimated at $40,000, on which there was insurance for $10,000.

The loss of Messrs. H. & C. Saunders is probably much more and their insurance is stated thus: In the Mercantile Insurance Company $50,000; Orleans $10,000; Louisiana $10,000; Orleans Theatre $10,000; Sun Office, London, $15,000; and in Hamilton, $5,000.

The Late Weather.

We find on the Natchez Free Trader of Monday last, the following interesting table respecting the weather since the first of January:

In January there were 8 clear days. There were 3 in which snow fell. 14 there was some rain, and 6 cloudy or foggy.

In February, there were 8 clear. 6 some snow. 3 some rain, and 11 cloudy.

In March, there were 6 clear. 9 some snow. 7 some rain, and 9 cloudy or foggy.

In April, there were 6 clear. 4 some snow. 14 some rain, and 6 cloudy or foggy.

Making, in the aggregate, since the 1st of February, 30 other days of the month, 27 of which were rainy, and 24 cloudy, overcast, or foggy.

The Natchez Free Trader says that clear Saturday during the last nine months.

Since the 1st of January, there has fallen ten-tyone inches and a half inches of rain.

Hurricane on Sunday.

A perfect hurricane of wind raged in the vicinity of Baltimore, on Sunday last. The storm was severe in the city. A nine foot was torn off one of the back buildings of the Exchange. The Long Line Telegraph and other pavements various gyrations in the air in the city. Many trees were blown down. The storm was more severe in Southward were blown down. The Philadelphia and Lancaster Railroad, at Bush Hill, was blocked with trees, and the cars had to be drawn by horses. Several persons were injured by the falling of trees. One man was killed by a tree falling on him. A number of houses were unroofed. The damage to the city is estimated at from $50,000 to $100,000. The Commissioners of Bristol, Pennsylvania have written to the Mr. Mandeville to know what steps are to be taken, but as yet his reply has not been heard, but it is known Whether or not a forcagn vessel can interfere in the matter.

Awful Catastrophe.

A dreadful accident occurred on last Saturday morning, at Bath, county. The colored Methodist Church in that town, near Loudoun, is being taken down, and the roof having been removed, the work of demolition was commenced on the walls. Five workmen were upon the southern wall, when it suddenly gave way, and falling upon two frame houses, literally crushed them to the earth, burying the inmates in the ruins. The five workmen, whose names are John W. Ritter, Robert Thompson, Charles Wilson, Jacob Morrison, and James Neally, were all so much injured, that it was deemed necessary to convey them to the Hospital. An aged colored woman, named Fanny Thomas, and a colored child, owned by Gerrish Osborne, were also severely hurt, the former dying on Sunday morning. The two were, after a few moments, rescued from the ruins, and conveyed to the Hospital. When the woman was found, she was in a sitting posture, and her countenance and active exertions were made to clear away the rubbish, and in the name of an house, a colored woman whose name we have heard to be Harrison, and two children, were found safe and sound. Mrs. Harrison is said to have been washing at the time of the accident. Her body was first discovered by a dog belonging to her; the animal, by some instinctive notions, intimating to the bystanders the locality of the body, which was being found by him. Another person, whose name we did not learn, was also killed by the fall. A large crowd collected around the place, and every exertion made to extricate the sufferers; any more than could be done, unfortunately there were none.

The coroner's inquest was held on the bodies of those who were killed, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts.

The Mayor, on learning the accident, promptly despatched a number of police to the spot, to maintain order, and assist in removing the rubbish.

This accident, we regret to learn, may be in part attributed to the heedless manner in which the workmen threw down the church for the last two days previous to Saturday, instead of commencing with the roof, had first removed all the inside timber, joists, posts, girders, &c. and when the roof fell in, it had but little to sustain it, and consequently. On Saturday morning the girders on top of the walls, and on the north side of the building were sawed in two. It was known that the south wall had been given way and that the proper precaution whatever had been taken to prevent its falling. As soon as the girders were sawed in two, the south wall gave way, and the weight of it on only support, the appalling catastrophe was the consequence. The fact is, however that the timber, joists and girders came down, and in their descent, striking against the south wall, caused it to give way, and when it crushed, with the minutes.

The bodies of the sufferers had yet remain under the rubbish. A colored man, a carter, of the name of Bowen, with a cart, had, we believe, been hired to cart away the rubbish, and in the course of attending to his business affairs, but for cure of strange notions, &c. On Wednesday last, the 14th, he killed his wife and two children, one aged two, and the other nine years, and wounded a third child, a girl, so severely that she survived shortly. He came into his house with an axe, and commenced his work of destruction by striking his wife on the back of the head, the blow falling on the back of her neck. As she fell from her chair, he struck her on the head, and as the poor unfortunate daughter ran to assist her dying mother, and met the murderous blow intended for her mother, on the side of the house, and ran to the nearest neighbor, Captain Jesse Brown.

When Mr. H. missed at Butterfield's, he found him sitting on a chest, with a number of chargers and knives by him. When asked why he had done so he said it was the will of God. He also stated that he was going to run his own threat if Mr. H. had not come in. The child that is living which he wounded, ran to the door, and in the name of her house, and fell dead. She was followed by her daughter ran to assist her dying mother, and met the murderous blow intended for her mother, on the side of the house, and ran to the nearest neighbor, Captain Jesse Brown.

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Bowen is a free negro, and has been married for upwards of 20 years to a woman who is a slave. He has also been married to another woman, who is also a slave, and has been married to another woman, who is also a slave.

Murder of a Wife and Children by a Husband.

A murder of the most atrocious character has been committed at Jacksonville, Ill.

Mr. Moses Butterfield, of that place, has been for a number of years subject to fits of partial derangement, and on the 14th ult. was deprived of attending to his affairs, but for cure of strange notions, &c. On Wednesday last, the 14th, he killed his wife and two children, one aged two, and the other nine years, and wounded a third child, a girl, so severely that she survived shortly. He came into his house with an axe, and commenced his work of destruction by striking his wife on the back of the head, the blow falling on the back of her neck. As she fell from her chair, he struck her on the head, and as the poor unfortunate daughter ran to assist her dying mother, and met the murderous blow intended for her mother, on the side of the house, and ran to the nearest neighbor, Captain Jesse Brown.

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From the Pacific.

Letters have been received at Salem, Mass. from Chagas, Captain Merkley, from the United States frigate Constitution, dated 27th January, 1841, by which we have intelligence from the Pacific.

The officers and crew are all well, and since sailing from Rio Janeiro, have had a pleasant time. The vessels composing the crew of "Old Ironsides" have been exercising with the great guns, and the Captain has also practised well for the rational police of the ship, and they will for the future be kept in order.

The steamers have stopped running between Callao and Valparaiso, and the reason for it is stated to be that the Company as an experiment, having disappointed the mail, but found almost twice as expensive as that sent by sailing vessels. The steamers have been sold at auction, the property of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, and it is hoped he may be successful.

Nothing has been heard of the Peacock, which is in search of coal, and it is hoped he may be successful.

The Constitution is to touch at the Sandwich Islands and Sandwich Islands, and the coast of Mexico.

Captain Chagas has received a letter from Captain Armstrong, of the French manof-war lay arrived here from Callao, in which he informs Captain Chagas that he is about to sail for the rational police of the ship, and they will for the future be kept in order.

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Monument at Wyoming.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that a fund has been collected, and it is thought will be granted, by the assembly of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of commencing and finishing over the battles of those slain in the ruthless massacre of Wyoming. Should the appropriation be made, a fund is raised at once

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives to all its flavor.

O Most Me Too-Night.

AIR—"Over the Water to Charlie."

O most me Too-night, with your eye of blood
By those waters o' light,
When the stream is beaming brightly,
And the sleepy dews
Like those kiss you'd these,
And the breeze is whispering lightly;
Where often we've met upon we'll meet,
To pledge our troth once more,
And there, wi' stolen kisses sweet,
I'll swear I love thee dearly.

The larder now says
For the crosses that lie
On the jeweled neck o' the fairie,
But a glance frae the eye
O' my winsome young Jean,
Is worth a' her gems and gowden chain,
I wadna won a gilderoy,
Where none can love sincerely;
The tyrning tree and the moonlight hour,
The thorn I love see dearly.

O meet me to-night,
Neath the blossoms see white,
Ere the bridal hawthorn strews
The banks a' see green,
Ere the lassies in the wild-wood
Adorn the wild dasey in growing.
When fleckie sheep are chergling by our side,
Till day gies down see cheerily;
I'll trust thee, sweet, to be my bride,
For O, I love thee dearly.

A Beautiful Thought.

How few men seem to have formed a conception of the original dignity of their nature, or the exalted design of their creation. Content with themselves only as the creatures of time, enslaved merely with animal passions and intellectual fetters, their projects, and aims, and expectations, are circumscribed by the narrow outline of human clay. They forget that instability and decay are written, as with a sun-beam upon all earthly objects—that this world with all its pageantry of pomp and power is crumbling into dust—that the present life is evidently deserving of a single thought except as what it forms the introduction to another, and that he alone acts either a prudent or a rational part, who frames his plans with a direct reference to that future and endless state of being. He has no blunted the understanding, and perverted the will, and debased the affections, that men never fail to invent some temporal good with fancied perfection, and will imagine that the attainment of it would satisfy the desires and fill the capacities of the immortal spirit. Vain thought! How little they know themselves! The soul is not of the nature that it will strive in vain to clasp it to the dust. Though the native strength has been impaired, and its purity tarnished, and its "glory changed," it will always be a greater love. Send it forth, if you will, to range through the whole material universe; and, like the dove dismissed from the ark, it will return without finding a single place of rest; for it has no resting place but the bosom of God.

The Power of Letters.

When Tamerlane had conquered the hardiest tyrannical of seventy thousand human skulls, and was now standing at the gate of Damascus glittering with steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder, till his horse hoofs fleet fast on new victories and new carnage, the pale leaders of night near imagined that nature was in her death throes: for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the son of mankind seemed setting in sons of blood. Yet it might be so that very pale-face of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing at marbles in the streets of Mecca, whose beauty was more important to mortals than twenty Tamerlanes! The Tartar Khan, with his shaggy grimness of the wilderness, passing away like a whirlwind, to be forgotten forever. But that German artisan like wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably extending to the world, and will continue to expand, through all countries, and through all time! What are the conquests and the splendid existence of the whole corporation of captains, from Wallace the Pandemonium, to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with the moveable types of Johannes Faust?

The Cat by the Fire.

Poet Power! she looks up at us again, as if she thanked us for those indications of dinner; and then she delicately gives a twist of a yawn, and a lick to her whiskers. Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant person—beginning judiciously with her paws, and fetching assuringly down at last hind-leg. Anon, she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head toward it, and shutting her eyes, half to accommodate the action of the skin and half to enjoy the luxury. She then rewards her paws with a few more touches—look at the actions of her head and neck; how pleasing it is. Her ears pointed forward, and the neck gently arching to and fro. Finally, she gives a saucer, and smoothes of tuft of mouth and whiskers, and then draws her tail toward her front claws, settles herself on her hind quarters, in an attitude of bland meditation.

Extravagant Expenditure.

A gentleman, well known for his autonomous habits, having billeted himself on his acquaintance as Edinburgh during the royal visit, was talking to a friend on his return, of the great expense of living there. "Most much, now, do you suppose I spent in Edinburgh?" he asked, rather hurried, "I should suppose about a fortnight!"

Making a Raise.—"Mason want to know if you can't settle dis small bill to-day, kase he wants de money bad," said a darky yesterday to a gentleman.

"No, I can't. This is the third time you have come for that money to-day. Your master isn't afraid I am going to run away, is he?

"Not 'zackly—but look here," and the darky slyly and mysteriously; "he 'gwine to run away hisself, and darfore wants to make a big raise."

Too Much Bowels.—Thomas there is too much bowels here.

"Where, Pa?"

"I mean there is too much room—you must eat up."

"Is a nose a bowle, Pa?"

"Yes, child."

"Golly gracious!—then sister Sally does wear the biggest nose you ever see, Pa.

Personal Literature.—There is no later more destructive to health than that of personal literature; and in no species of mental application, or even of manual employment, is the wear and tear of a body so early, or severely felt. The readers of those light articles which appear to cost so little labor in the versus publications of the day, are little aware how many constitutions are broken down in the office of their literary taste.

A Sailor's Answer.—In the House of Commons, a member who was a sea captain, having made use of certain sea terms which were evidently misunderstood, was called upon by a note from a brother member to explain. The note began thus: "Sir, as you are from the sea-board &c. The sailor returned an answer on the same piece of paper: "I am not bread to be sea, but the oat sea is bread to oat, and confounded hurt bread it is."

Praise.—In Flacourt's History of Madagascar, in the following manifesto against praise, we see that the people whom we call savages

"O Eternal! have pity upon me, because I am passing away. O Infinite! because I am weak. O Sovereign of Life! because I crow ugly to the eyes. O Creator! because I am full of imperfections. O All Beneficent! because I am poor. O All-find-ing! because I am ignorant.

Matrimonial Squabble.—"Vy," said the lady, "it's all no use belonging to you no how! Vere's the benefits I gets by it? I never has none of them 'ere earnings, nor nothing." "Vy, now," expostulated her mate, "and ar it you'd be at?" "Vy, you 'mean vish!" "Vish! you drunk as Wednesday, cursed of Thursday, drunk of Friday, and cursed again now! Vot would you 'ave? I suppose you vants to be hanged next?"

Keep Hatsh.—"Can you guess my life on one occasion," said a beggar in a captain under whom he had served.

"Not your life!" replied the officer, "do you think that I am a doctor?"

"No," answered the man, "but I served under you in a battle, and when you ran away I followed and thus my life was preserved."

Counting.—"Ma, what does cousin John beg sister Bridge so for?"

"Le, Sarah, you have such eyes—he's only a counting her eye cloth."

"Golly gracious me—don't he count her hard though."

"Le, Simon, do hush!"

A Bad Case.—"Well Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you do to-day?" "O dear, doctor, I never was very long ill before. That rheumatiz is very distressing indeed. When I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my toe is excited as big as a goose's hen's egg, or when I stand up I fall down directly."

Mistook! Meaned.—The Boston Mail can take off mistaking his paper—and his stealing operations will of course follow suit.—Rochester Mail. Ah! do they? well, he has stolen at last the march of all our contemporaries, if indeed we have not already "done that deed."—Boston Mail.

Consequence.—Why is a one-middle like a four quart measure? *Because it holds a gal-on.*"

Why are the flowers such severe creditors? Because they are always sure to get their dress.

A Pet's Genius.—The marriage of Mr. Alonzo Fry to Miss Susan Oyster, is mentioned in one of the Chambersburg, (Pa.) papers.

Good.—Kate never works; how can she? she emits "Night and Morning."

O'Leary's First Love,

Or, the Beauties of Parkting.

"It was during the vice-royalty of the late Duke of Richmond," said Mr. O'Leary, "that the incidents I am about to mention took place. That was a few years since, and I was rather younger, and a little more particular about my dress than at present." Here the speaker cast an eye of short satisfaction upon his smooth habiliments, that certainly could not forget more compact, and laugh outright. "Well, it those were the halcyon days of youthful ardor, I fell in love—desperately in love—and always is, I believe, in the case with our early experiments in that unfortunate passion, the object of my affections was in every way unsuited to me. She was a tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed maiden, with a romantic imagination, and a kind of half-crazed poetic fervor, that often made me fear for her intellects. I'm a short, rather fair; I was always given this way"—here he patted a waistcoat that would fit Daniel Lambert—happy-minded little fellow, that likes a supper of oysters at the Pigeon-house, and my other creature-comforts, but have a strong fling that excited my envy out of one's ways, just as I would have hated a blister. Then, the devil should have it—for as certainly as marriages are made in heaven, flirtations have a something to say to the other place—that I should fall most irretrievably in love with Lady Jane Morrison. Oh! I see well, it shouldn't puts me in a perspiration this hot day, to think over all I went through on her account; for strange to say, the more I suffered the more I got for my pains, the more did she exact on my part; the pursuit was like Jacob's ladder—it is hard to discern it was certainly an awfully long journey, and very fatiguing to the feet. There was not an amusement she could think of, no matter how uncalled for in my station, that she did not put immediately take a violent fancy to; and then there was no escaping, and I was at once obliged to go with the fashion. I know if it would not have carried me to my grave if it were not for the "mater," who kept all straight and set right the affair for ever. One time she took a fancy for yachting, and all the gilded youth of the county always had a cordon of them—young sales-de-camp of her Excellency the governess, with their long sky-scraping mustaches and most absurd mustaches—all appeared to me, and I am willing to confess, with anecdotes of curious and smuggling her mast but nothing would satisfy her till I—I who always would be sea-sick in a mill-pond—had hired a yacht the Luffey in all its black mud, than cross over in it to Holyhead, and back again. I was obliged to put an advertisement in the newspaper for a commander, and I had the honor of being the sole owner of a clinker-built schooner, of forty-eight tons burden, and a crew of three men and a boy called 'The Delight.' I wish you saw me, as you might have seen me every morning for about a month, as I stood on the window-sill, giving down lines to the outfit of the little craft. At first, as she bobbed up and down in the Liffey, I thought it not bad a vessel, both of which, though it was in the dog-days, I felt a most unpleasant pain of cold. By degrees, however, I looked more like Dirk Hatteraick, who, indeed, was one of her favorite heroes in Walter Scott. In fact, I was so much in love with the sea that all her friends called me nothing but Dirk.

"Well, after having been down a few many excuses on my part, and entreaties for delay, a day was appointed for our first excursion. I shall never forget that day—the entire night before: I did not close my eyes; the delightful land was in a most favored sea-pagan, that if the wind was in one quarter it would blow about a short tossing sea; and if in another a long rolling one that it was as easy to happy union of both—in fact, he made it out that it could be almost as pleasant in a calm as a gale. I heartily considered m, and most devoutly did I pray for a calm. I got some advice on the subject from our moorings, and thus our preparations went on. Early on the morning of the eventful day my hopes rose on the other hand, for it blew tremendously hard, and as I looked out of the window there was a lull toward